? 7 April 1919

Dearest,

I've just been round to see Mr. F., as I thought it best to arrange that she should see you here. I find that she has already left Clermont Gdns – Mrs. Parry tells me that she decided not to go as nurse, & also that she wanted to stay in Richmond. It seems hopeless therefore. Three other people have been after her, as parlour maid

& Mr. Perry said it was useless.
I have the address of her rooms,
& will try to see her
tomorrow, but she was
out today. I don't
suppose it any good
through — NYPL Greenhalgh

V.W.

Let me know whatever
orders as soon as you
can about Nelly —
coming up.
I'll write
tomorrow.

HAMILTON 12/29/69

9 April 1919

1919

Hogarth - Wednesday,

Dearest,

I enclose a letter from Faulkner. I dont know what your plans are now, but I suppose you will let me know. I am only keeping Lil on by the day, as you seem to think Nelly may come back on Friday or Saturday. Lil has turned out to know nothing of working, & is unable to do housework, so, as you may suppose, the & Lottie have almost daily quarrels, & I dont think Lottie will hold out much longer. Of course Nelly's letter made things much worse, & the usual scenes & warnings have taken place almost daily - However, I don't much look forward to having Nelly back, as I can guess what

If you want to keep N. till Monday do; only let me know, & make it quite clear to her that she is to do what she likes

a fuss there'll be. They are intolerable I think whether one has them or fails to have them — But I'm only scrambling because my whole morning has again been ruined over the question as to who broke the mending machine —

The Flints druid here & were overcome by the charms of Walter Lamb! I think that places him in the scale of humanity. They confided to Sumbo on the way home that they had never met a more charming & beautiful young man — so witty too. NYPL Sumbo was superb, & insisted upon talking about purges & boilings & the W.C. in the most dramatic way. Oliver has just rung up to ask to bring Inez to dine here. But I've no time for gossip.

I'm very sorry about Faulkner. I thought her exceptionally good. God, what a time you have!

EB.

HAMILL 12/22/69

16 April 1916

1915

Hogarth.

Wednesday,

Dearest,

We have settled not to come down for Easter
as it is all, but next week instead. I hope I may
see you then & tale you the fascinating story of
Lil. I still spend a large part of every
morning in poring over all these matters with
Nelly, but peace is restored. She never ceases to
praise you & to boast of her pendant, which I
have to admire properly, though I think it
must have been a present from George.
I seem never to have a moment for
writing to you, owing partly to domestics &
partly to having to get a long article done, &
then I'm now in the toils of Gravi again,
& Herbert Fisher came & wasted the whole of
Sunday, & then we had Oliver & Inez, &
I'm now off to tea with Katherine Mawry -
But I take it for granted that the Yellow Bird
of Bloomsbury keeps you aware of all the
cackle of life such as it is. Another intemption
just as I was writing to you, was Durnand; who
stays with the Bretts in Belgrave Square; but
they've taken a house at Dare, next the Waterlows,

& Molly is now getting in, so I should send her letter there.
Herbert was more like poor old Maong than anyone —
pale & ascetic & mild, speaking in a kind of whisper,
& never committing himself to any statement. But
he has the intolerable Fisher superciliousness; & makes my
spine curl — no longer with despair at my own
insignificance though. I feel worth ten of him, &
my fact was made ourselves rather disagreeable, &
Edmund George Wuckworth, & the Cunards, & Lady
Diana Manners, with whom he seemed to be impressed
And he abused Lytton's book, with which I rather
agreed of course. It's said that he's a forerunner
Ivy (Herbert I mean) for he pounces upon the Oliver
Stracheys too, & stays for hours, & makes them disclose
their views. But Lord! what watery & wobbly
minds these politicians have — always afraid to
say what they mean, such an air of being
behind the scenes. Ivey is a pert young professional,
by no means of the seductive kind, I should have
thought; a ill spaced indeed rather vulgar looking &
splotchy in the face. However she has more
wits than Barbara, & may have floated in on
that tide. Oliver was very tasty because the
Berensons would endow him so that he needn't
work — O the Stracheys — the Stracheys! If it

NYPL

we can't for their grace & mind, which you must admit to be considerable,
how I should detest them. But I'm inclined to think Margorie
the best at this moment. Forster is back again: I find
him very sympathetic. — But all this gossip is to entice you
into telling me about that house you said you heard of.
We have practically abandoned the idea of Cornwall, owing to
the distance. We mean to get something, however horrible,
near Lewes, & put our things there, & hang on until we
can get something better; or perhaps Gwen may have
Asheham. Could you tell me whether Mrs Stacey told you,
& what his address is, & whereabouts the house is.
I wonder they write to him, & we could arrange to see it
when we come.

Angelica is a lovely name; I wish it had been
possible to include Moll Flanders though; or Roxana.
If ever anyone reminded me of you this Moll Flanders.
But I think you read that work & probably know it
by heart; don't you think it's quite superb?

913.

I will tell you the whole story of Elizabeth Asquith's engagement
to Bibesco, & how Hugh Gibson rejected her, & why, & what
happened to Mrs Asquith in Bond Street, & whether
Bibesco played the knave, & what Elizabeth's real
feelings are, & how she sent a love letter through Desmond,
with permission to read it, which he did, & what
Asquith said when he was told of the engagement, together
with various other lewd & diverting details when we
meet. Desmond gave us a superb account.

1919?

Arlecham House
Rodmell
Lewes

April 28th

Vanessa,

If I can come tomorrow or one day soon I will. This, however, is to ask, with a sense of contrition, whether you would pack & send my green wool coat. left in my bedroom. I only brought summer things, & the snow lies thick on the ground. Has the nurse come? How is Angelica?

Angelica would be welcome here, I need not say, at any time.

Yr B.

4 May 1919

I wrote a very tactful letter to Adrian, & I'll ask him to tell you what he says - I don't think he gets his share of Waller until October. I made it clear that you had not asked me to write, & did not count upon it

Asheham -

Sunday,

Dearest,

Curse this weather! There is at present a white fog & a gale of wind; we've had to give up coming. But we shall be here in a fortnight again, & I might then spend a night of convenience.

Would you let me know about the paper as soon as you can: how much it would cost, & how long it would take to do, if you are able to do it. As the notices are sent out, I want to get the books ready as soon as possible; so that if it's likely to take more than 10 days, I think I'd better get an ordinary coloured paper, dull though it is. I could send you down white paper from London. But perhaps Roger has done his black - blue; in which case I could cover 80 copies in that, & you might finish off the

edition, which is only 150, with yours.

What do you think it would cost to build a 6 or 7 roomed house in this neighbourhood? Perhaps Roger would know. Apparently we should have to buy whatever we find, & it might come cheaper anyhow in a year or two, to build: besides you might design & decorate & plant us near Charleston, but not too near.

Here is a letter from Mary which may amuse you. Do you think that her version of Mary is correct? I think there's a little hard on her, but they owe her a grudge of some kind. Would you send the letter back.

Gerald has read my novel with the greatest interest, & is delighted to publish it, which is convenient, but rather disappointing, as I should have liked to try the other way. I'm sending you a loaf & a cake of my making, with the request that you will keep them for a 2nd course at dinner. I never sit down to my bread without a sigh, thinking of you. Still the ducks eggs are delicious: we enjoyed ours immensely. Did you have an explanation with Mabel? How is Nelly settling down.

Yr B.

NYPL

HAMILL 12/20/69